

Dear Judge Gorton,

It's hard to figure out how to begin a letter that will have so much impact on myself and those who read this I do not have the most elegant and knowledgeable speech, but I do not take my words lightly, for I know that death and life are in the power of the tongue.

I have truly harmed many in the error of my ways. The impact my actions have had are incalculable and I have spent much time reflecting and working through fully understanding the trauma I have put my victims, families, and the community through. I take full responsibility for my choices of exploiting the children of these families and of the community.

I had deceived myself at this time by believing no one was really being hurt if I was only videotaping them. I have come to know that the pain and trauma is just the same no matter how people are victimized. Trauma is trauma. I have learned in my sex offender treatment at Wyatt that some ways victims can be impacted are sleepless nights and night terrors, not being able to form healthy relationships, lack of trust, and a variety of mental health problems. The list goes on. I had believed that as long as I kept myself isolated and nobody knew what I was doing, that the community would not be affected. How wrong I was. Isolation is the worst place to be. I now realize that I contributed to the fears of families and neighborhoods that the world is full of evil people and no one can be trusted. This is not what parents should feel when raising their children. They need to know their kids will be safe in their homes and environment. I did not help at all with this.

There have been many difficult things about this situation, but I think the hardest part is knowing the stain that will always be on the victims and their families. The stain of shame and pain. There is only one substance powerful enough to cover our shame and heal our pain, and that's the blood of Jesus. Nonetheless, I know there will always be the memory in this lifetime. It is hard to reflect on all the relationships ruined and the feeling like there's nothing I can do to fix the damage done. But to make things right as possible, I would hope all might understand how desperately sorry I am. There needs to be consequences not only for the safety of the community, but for the healing of the families and victims. And so there is an unexplainable peace I have accepting the consequences dealt if it might just bring some healing to the families. If there has been any financial expenses needing compensation, I would be glad to restore... though I do not have the means at this present time. Lastly I might be bold enough to ask for forgiveness. Not for my sake, but for all who I have hurt. When we don't forgive, it acts as a poison to the mental, physical, and relational health in every aspect. Please do not let the past any longer have a hold on you. Forgiveness is not saying what happened was okay. It is saying that what was done was wrong but I will not allow it to continue to hurt me anymore. If there are any other suggestions of how I could make things right that are in my control, I would be glad to meet them.

Maybe the most practical way I can make things right as possible is by prevention of further harm by how I prepare myself to be a contributing member to society. Continuing in mental health programs and AA—both individual and group—for accountability and recovery will be an essential part of my everyday routine. Being diligent to educate myself on why I offended and what I can do to apply practices daily to not act out when triggered. Just as survivalists use controlled breathing to reduce anxiety and heart rate so they can think more soberly to respond most appropriate to their

environment, I can apply the same principle to think more clearly and make rational decisions if I ever find myself in a triggering situation. Another simple practice is visualization. I do this by imagining myself in a situation and how I would respond. Research shows that what is more beneficial than going out hitting baseballs, is actually just sitting down and imagining that ball being pitched and spinning at you and how you would swing. So by imagining myself at the beach or at the mall, I can mentally practice how to successfully behave without ever actually being there. Also by being aware of my basic goals/needs, I can more apprehensively achieve my purpose without acting out. For example, I need to go to the grocery store for food. I keep this at the forefront of my mind to avoid any distractions and to achieve my need for food, and then go straight home with no extra stops for opportunity to relapse in old behavior. These are just a few of the ways I have learned in Cognitive Behavioral Therapy to change my thought, change my feeling, and change my behavior.

While I will participate in counseling to deal with my issues like sex as coping, sex as preoccupation, poor problem solving, etc., according to the Dynamic Stable 2007, I will maintain the basic habits and activities such as working in a productive job, going to church weekly, and participating in a strong men's group to hold me down to the word of God, firm in my faith. God has used prison as a potter's wheel in my life. He has been making me over and fashioning me into a new vessel for His glory. I don't like to boast except in Christ alone. But I feel it is proper for you to know how I have grown in my faith and how it has changed me. Jesus is absolutely THE most important thing in my life, and so I will gladly boast, not in myself, but in what Jesus has done through me. When I first came to prison, I daily attended Bible study within the unit, as well as any services offered by the chaplain or volunteers. After about four months, I began to lead Bible study and have continued for the last 36+ months, and even the chaplain—Pastor Lee—has entrusted me to lead and facilitate his service weekly. I believe he has chosen me because he has seen my devotion to the word. It's easy to say I lead this or that but still not truly be changed; Where the dish is clean on the outside, but the inside is still filthy. While I am far from perfect, I hope this fruit is evidence to show God has changed me and continues to renew me from glory to glory into the same image of His Son. There truly is no greater joy that I have than to be filled by God's word and then to share with others what He has shown me—both in word and in deed. I hope you might see this as true by those who have written on my behalf.